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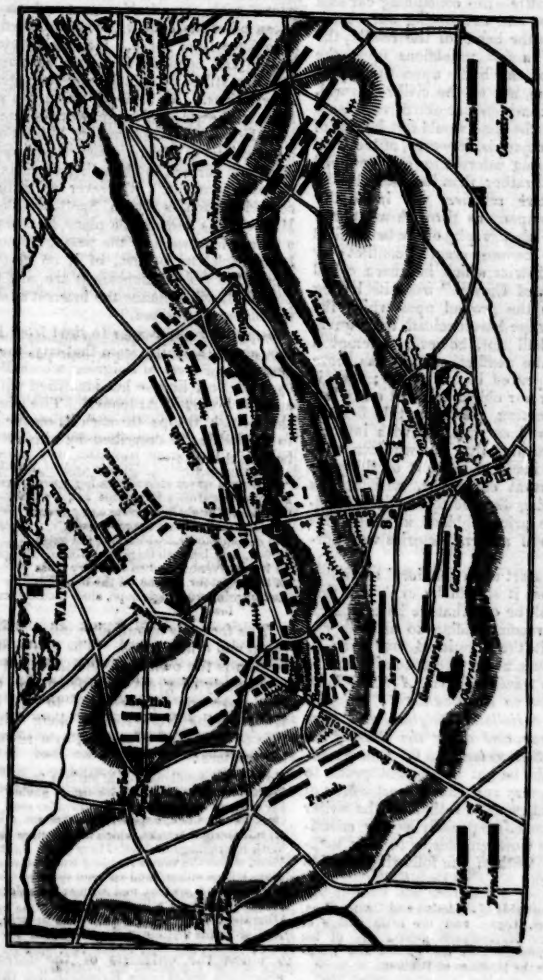

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

NEARLY a quarter of a century has elapsed since the destinies of Europe were sealed by this signal event. In that interval, how many heroes who partook of its gale of triumph have passed from among us! such lessons does time daily and hourly read us in the fortunes of empires, and the fates of individuals.

In a sheet dated upon the aniversary of this decisive battle—this concluding carnival of a protracted and devastating war,—as is the number in the hands of the reader, the indulgence of a few reflections upon the great results of this battle upon the happiness of Europe, nay of the civilized world, might not be considered as obtrusive or inappropriate, for the time would not be out of joint. The subject is, however, of too wide and overpowering interest for our cramped columns; and rather than lose ourselves in its retrospective reveries, we invite the reader to accompany us through what may be termed the ichnography of the battle-field of Waterloo—the most eventful conflict ever fought in a district which has been called "the Cockpit of Europe" from its having been for ages the ground upon which the powers of Europe have decided their quarrels.* We shall not, however, attempt a narrative of the conflict, as that has more than once appeared in our pages; but, it will be rather our object to point out a few of the culminating points in this field of glory, shadowed as they are with interest verging on melancholy; for who can walk over the field itself, or trace it on the page of the observant chronicler, without his mind's eye being dimmed through the recollection of the price of blood at which this most glorious of modern victories was purchased.

Before we start upon this ideal excursion over Waterloo, it should be explained that our guide shall be one that we have especial pleasure in recommending to all who are about to visit the Continent, and even to those who come under the denomination of stay-at-home travellers: viz. *A Hand-Book for Travellers on the Continent; being a guide through Holland, Belgium, and Northern Germany, and along the Rhine from Holland to Switzerland.*† Of this guide-book, it would be but insufficient praise to say that it is very superior to most works of its class: but, we had rather let the writer speak for himself, especially as our examination of his work enables us to bear testimony to the truth of the following portion of his Preface:

"The writer of the Hand-book has endeavoured to keep clear of these mistakes. He has confined himself to matter-of-fact descriptions of what *ought to be seen* at each place, and is calculated to interest an intelligent traveller, without bewildering his readers with an account of all that *may* be seen. He has avoided chronological details; and instead of abridging the records of a town from beginning to end, he has confined himself to such local anecdotes as are connected with remarkable events which have taken place there, or with distinguished men who have lived there. He has adopted as simple and condensed a style as possible, avoiding stilted descriptions and exaggerated superlatives. As he is by no means ambitious of showing off any powers of fine writing, he has preferred availing himself of the descriptions of others, where they appeared good and correct, to obtruding extracts from his own journals. Wherever an author of celebrity, such as Byron, Scott, Southey, or Bulwer, has described a place, he has made a point of extracting the passage, knowing how much the perusal of it on the spot, where the works themselves are not to be procured, will enhance the interest of seeing the objects described."

Supposing the reader to start from Brussels, about two miles from that city, the road enters the Forest of Soignies, which Byron, by a poetical license has identified with the ancient Forest of Ardennes. The march of the British troops through it, on their way to the battle, is described by him in these beautiful lines:—

" Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."

The forest is about nine miles long, and seven and a half broad. The Duke of Wellington is the owner of one thousand acres, a property of great value from the timber that grows on it, presented to him by the King of the Netherlands, along with the title of Prince of Waterloo, as a reward for his services:

No cheerful woodland this of antique trees,
With thickets varied and with sunny glade;
Look where he will, the weary traveller sees
One gloomy, thick, impenetrable shade
Of tall straight trunks, which move before his sight,
With interchange of lines of long green light.
Here, where the woods receding from the road
Have left on either hand an open space
For fields and gardens, and for man's abode,
Stands Waterloo; a little lowly place,
Obscure till now, when it hath risen to fame,
And given the victory its English name.

Upon the outskirts of the forest, and about ten miles from Brussels, lies this little

* Besides the fields of Waterloo and Quatre Bras, Wavre, Fleurus, Ligny, and the little village of Ramillies, where Marlborough gained one of his most famous victories over the French and Bavarians, lie within the province of Brabant.

† John Murray and Son, Albemarle street, 1836.

village, immortalized as the head quarters of the English army, on the days before and following the battle to which it has given its name, (June 17 and 19, 1815.)

The moment a traveller comes in sight of this spot, he will be assailed by a set of harpies in the shape of guides and relic venders, all claiming the honour of serving him in the capacity of guide. The only mode of appeasing the clamours and rescuing himself from the annoyance is to fix upon one or other, informing him at the same time what will be his remuneration. Three or four francs will be enough for his services over the whole field; but if this be not settled beforehand, he will not hesitate to demand at least double.

The little *church* and *churchyard* are crowded with melancholy memorials of English officers: it contains nearly thirty monuments to those who fell:

That temple to our hearts was hallowed now;
For many a wounded Briton there was laid,
With such poor help as time might then allow
From the fresh carnage of the field conveyed;
And they whom human succours could not save,
Here in its precincts found a hasty grave.
And here on marble tablets set on high,
In English lines by foreign workmen traced,
Are names familiar to an English eye;
Their brethren here the fit memorials placed,
Whose unadorned inscriptions briefly tell
Their gallant comrades' rank, and where they fell.
The stateliest monument of public pride,
Enriched with all magnificence of art,
To honour chieftains who in victory died,
Would wake no stronger feeling in the heart
Than these plain tablets, by the soldier's hand
Raised to his comrades in a foreign land.—*Southey.*

Among the curiosities of Waterloo, to the examination of which the most strenuous persuasion is used to invite the passing stranger, is the *Marquis of Anglesea's leg*, and the house in which it was cut off, and where the boot belonging to it is preserved. The owner of the house to whose share this relic has fallen, finds it the most lucrative source of revenue, and will, in spite of the absurdity of the thing probably bequeath it to his children, as a valuable legacy. He has interred the leg most decorously within a coffin, under a weeping willow, and has honoured it with a monument and an epitaph.

Waterloo is now nearly joined to Mont St. Jean, a long, straggling village, once almost a mile from it, and lying on the edge of the field of battle.

Here the road divides: the branch on the right leads to Nivelles; the other, continuing straight on, is the high road to Genappe and Namur. Travellers not strong a-foot ought not to leave their carriage at Waterloo, or even at Mont St. Jean, as it is still a mile short of the centre of the field, and this mile will considerably increase the long walk which they must, at any rate, take in order to see the ground to advantage. It is more prudent to drive on to La Belle Alliance, and then to send the carriage back to Mont St. Jean, where there is a decent inn, to await their return. If the traveller intend to proceed on to Namur, and not to return to Brussels, the carriage must stop at La Belle Alliance, which is a sorry kind of public-house.

Leaving the village of Mont St. Jean the road reaches an open country, uninclosed, and almost entirely without trees; it ascends a gentle rise, and passes the large farm-house with offices, called Ferme de Mont St. Jean, which, during the battle, was filled with wounded, and served as a sort of hospital. The Mound, surmounted by the Belgic Lion, by far the most conspicuous object in the field of Waterloo now appears in sight. It marks the spot which may be considered the centre of the conflict.

On arriving at the end of this ascent, the traveller finds himself on the brow of a hill or ridge extending on the right and left of the road, with a gentle hollow or shallow valley before him, and another ascent and nearly corresponding ridge beyond it.

Along the ridge on which he stands, the British army was posted, while the position of the French was along the opposite heights. The road on which he is travelling, intersected the two armies, or, so to speak, separated the left wing of the British and right wing of the French from the main bodies of their respective armies.

To render the declivity more gradual, the road has been cut through the crest of the ridge several feet deep, so as to form a sort of hollow way. At this point, two monuments have been erected close to the road-side; that on the right (4 *in the plan*,) to the memory of Colonel Gordon; that on the left, (5) in honour of the Hanoverian officers of the German Legion, who fell on the spot.

Near this the high road is traversed nearly at right angles by a narrow cross-road. During the first part of the action, the Duke of Wellington stood in the angle formed by the crossing of these two roads, and, on the right of the highway, beneath a solitary elm, thence called the Wellington Tree, (1 in the plan.) After being mutilated and stript by relic hunters, it was cut down and sold some time subsequently to the Battle, to an Englishman.

About half way down in the hollow which separated the two armies, and in which the most bloody combats took place, is the Farm of la Hay Sainte (6) close to the road-side on the right. It was, at first, occupied by the soldiers of the German Legion, and gallantly defended till their ammunition was exhausted, when they were literally cut to pieces, and it was captured by the French, who could not, however, long keep possession of it: a terrific carnage took place in the house and building, and the building was riddled with shot.

Close to this house is shown the grave of Shaw, the heroic Life-guardsman, who killed nine Frenchmen with his own hand, in the battle. Not far off, on the opposite side of the road, the bodies of 4,000 men, intermixed with those of many horses, were buried in one common grave. It was near this spot that the brave General Picton was killed, and Colonel Ponsonby wounded. One of the attacks against the English left was led by Ney in person. Four Scotch regiments were engaged in this part of the fight:

La Haye, bear witness! sacred is its height,
And sacred is it truly from that day;
For never braver blood was spent in fight
Than Britain here hath mingled with the clay.
Set where thou wilt thy foot, thou scarce canst tread
Here on a spot unhallowed by the dead.
Here was it that the Highlanders withstood
The tide of hostile power, received its weight
With resolute strength, and stemmed and turned the flood;
And fitly here, as in that Grecian strait,
The funeral stone might say—Go, traveller, tell
Scotland, that in our duty here we fell.

If we now proceed across the valley and up the opposite slope, we reach the farm of *La Belle Alliance*, a solitary white house on the left of the road (7). It was occupied by the French, whose lines were drawn up close behind it; though towards the end of the engagement, Napoleon in person marshalled his imperial guard in front of it, for a final charge. Napoleon's place of observation during a great part of the battle was nearly on a line with La Belle Alliance, at some distance on the right of the road. In this house, now a poor inn, Wellington and Blucher met after the battle. The Prussians have erected a cast-iron monument (9) at a short distance on the left, in memory of their fellow-countrymen who fell here.

A little way beyond La Belle Alliance is the house of Coster (8), Napoleon's guide, (since dead); and near this spot, a glimpse may be had of the farm of *Hougoumont*, about two miles off on the right.

Gros Caillou (10), a farm house in which Napoleon slept, was burnt in consequence by the Prussians next day, to show their hatred of their enemy.

The foregoing enumeration of the various localities of the field, has been made in the order in which a traveller would pass them in following the high road from Brussels. If he intend to turn aside, and examine the field more minutely, the following description may assist him:—

The *Mound of the Belgic Lion* (2) is by far the best station for surveying the field. It is a vast tumulus, 200 feet high, beneath which the bones of friends and foes lie heaped indiscriminately together. A flight of steps leads up to the top. The lion was cast (by Mr. Cockerill of Liège) from cannon taken in the battle, and is intended to stand on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded.

The lion's teeth and nails were mutilated by some of the French troops in their passage to the siege of Antwerp. They would have vented their ill-humour in further injuries, had not Marshall Gerard put a stop to the proceedings.

The present appearance of the field differs considerably from what it was at the time of the battle, owing to the excavation made along the front of the British position to obtain earth for this artificial mound. The ridge of Mont St. Jean has been considerably reduced in height; and the spot where the Duke of Wellington stood is quite cut away; the ground near being lowered several feet by the removal of the earth.

From the top of the Mound, it will be perceived, that the ground is a perfectly open and undulating plane. The British force was disposed in two lines along one of these undulations: the foremost line occupied the brow of the eminence, and was partly protected by a *hedge*, running from Mont St. Jean to Ohain, which gives the name to the farm of *La Haye Sainte* (6); the second stood a little way behind, on the reverse of the slope, so as to be partly sheltered from the enemy's fire. The British were separated by the shallow valley above mentioned —varying from five hundred to eight hundred yards in breadth—from the French, who were posted on the opposite ridge. The situation of both armies was in many parts within point-blank range of their opponent's artillery.

The position of the British from right to left did not much exceed a mile and a half, —"small theatre for such a tragedy;" yet on this limited front did its commander place and manœuvre an army of 54,000 men, a remarkable instance of concentration of force. It was drawn up in a sort of curve, to suit the ground along the heights, and the right wing extended as far as Mirbe Braine. The right flank of the centre stood four hundred yards behind the house of Hougoumont (3), which was very strongly occupied; the left of the centre was posted at a considerable distance behind the farm house of La Haye Sainte (6), which stood nearly midway between the two armies, and was also occupied and fortified as well as its small size and the time would admit. The left wing reached to the farm house called Ter la Haye.

The distance between the two farms of Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte is one thousand three hundred yards. The French columns could not pass between them without being exposed to a flank fire, nor did Napoleon think it prudent to leave two such posts in his rear in the possession of his enemy; and his first efforts, previous to ad-

vancing against the English line, were to make himself master of them.

The British army remained during the whole day firm in its position; and, formed into squares, received on *this ridge*, in front, and on each side of the ground now occupied by the Mound, the furious charges of the French cavalry. At the time of the appearance of the Prussians, not a square had been broken or shaken; they had not swerved an inch backwards, but were rather in advance of their first position.

Far on the left, in the direction of Wavre, are seen the woods through which the Prussians first advanced to the battle.

The *Chateau of Hougoumont* or *Goumont* (3), about three quarters of a mile from La Haye Sainte, is decidedly the most interesting spot in the field of Waterloo; not only for its importance in the history of the battle, but because it still exhibits marks of the dreadful combat. It formed, in fact, the key of the British position, and the possession of it would have enabled Napoleon to turn the English flank. It was on this account that he directed his utmost efforts towards it. At least 12,000 men were brought, at different times, against it, and the fierce attacks continued with hardly any intermission during the whole of the day. It was an old-fashioned Flemish chateau, with walled gardens and farm offices attached to it. Had these buildings been formed for a fortress to resist the kind of assault which they endured, they could scarcely have possessed greater advantages; being surrounded on all sides by strong walls, which the English farther fortified by breaking loop-holes in them, through which the garrison, if it may be so called, directed the fire of their musketry. But, notwithstanding its strength, so furious were the attacks, and so disproportionably great the number of assailants, that it could not possibly have held out, but for the bravery of the troops by whom it was maintained. The orchard and garden were several times in the possession of the French, but they never succeeded in forcing the inclosures which surrounded the house. This little citadel, though set on fire by the howitzers, and almost gutted by the flames, was bravely and judiciously maintained to the very last by the Coldstream Guards.

Toward the grove the wall with musket holes
Is pierced; our soldiers here their station held
Against the foe, and many were the souls
Then from their fleshly tenements expelled.
Six hundred Frenchmen have been burnt close by,
And underneath one mound their bones and ashes lie.

At the beginning of the battle, the house stood in the centre of a wood; but the trees were so mutilated by cannon shot during the action, that few now remain. The old house, however, still exhibits a shattered and patched-up appearance; and the walls of the orchard retain the loop-holes formed by the English, who, by this means, converted them into a sort of battery; whilst on the outside they present a broken surface crumbling to the touch, from the effect of the French musketry so long and vainly directed against them. In the little chapel is shown a crucifix, saved, (as the peasants say) by miracle from the flames, which, after destroying all about it, stopped on reaching the foot of the cross. It is reported that the autographs of Byron and Southey are to be discovered among the names which cover the walls.

Lord Byron mentions, in one of his letters, that he went on horseback alone over the field, comparing it with his recollections of similar scenes. "As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination: I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned."

Though it is not intended to give a full and particular history of the fight, the following additional facts will be not inappropriately introduced here:—The force which Napoleon brought into the field amounted, by his own confession, to nearly 75,000 men: 54,000 men composed the whole of the Duke of Wellington's army actually engaged; of these only only 32,000 were British or of the German Legion. It has been often asserted, and is still believed by many, that the Duke of Wellington was taken by surprise at Waterloo, and that he first heard the news of the advance of the French in a ball-room at Brussels. This is not the fact; the intelligence was brought to the Duke by a Prussian officer, at half past one o'clock on the 15th; by two on that day orders were sent to all the divisions of the British army to break up their cantonments, and move on the left of Quatre Bras. A proposal was made to put off the ball intended to be given by the Duchess of Richmond that evening at Brussels; but it was thought better to let it proceed, and thus to keep the inhabitants in ignorance of the course of events: the Duke, therefore, *desired* his principal officers to be present, but to take care to quit the ball-room as soon after 10 as possible; he himself staid till twelve, and set off for the army at six next morning. On the evening of the 17th, the Duke, having finished the disposition of his forces, rode across the country to Blucher, being unwilling to trust to any one the important point of concerting measures for the co-ope-

ration of the Prussians. Blucher then promised to support him early on the morrow with two divisions of his army. The fact is important, and not generally known. The charger (Copenhagen) which carried the Duke on that eventful night, remained till its death, in 1836, a free pensioner in a paddock at Strathfieldsaye. Another common error respecting this battle is, that the British were on the point of being defeated when the Prussians arrived; this is sufficiently refuted by the testimony of the Prussian General Muffling, who expressly says that "the battle could have afforded no favourable result to the enemy even if the Prussians had never come up." The Prussian army was expected to join the British at two, but it was half past four before a gun was fired by them.

The tactics so well and successfully employed by the Duke of Wellington, are well and briefly described by the French General Vaudoncourt: — "Le Duc de Wellington, ayant reçu la dernière réponse de Blucher, n'avait d'autre emploi à faire de la stratégie, que celui de combattre à pied ferme jusqu'à l'arrivée des Prussiens."

The fertility of the ground on which the battle was fought is said to have increased enormously since it took place. No where are richer crops produced in the whole of Belgium, and the corn is said to wave thickest, and to be of a darker colour, over those spots where the dead were interred, so that in spring it is possible to discover them by this mark alone:

But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide fields revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring. *Byron.*

Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,
Amid this scene of slaughter as we stood
Where armies had with recent fury fought,
To mark how gentle nature still pursued
Her quiet course, as if she took no care
For what her noblest work had suffered there.
Southey.

The great concourse of strangers who repair year after year to visit the scene of this memorable battle, has had the effect of raising up in the neighbourhood a number of persons whose profession may be said to vary between that of extortioners, cheats and beggars. The stranger is their game upon whom they prey. He is first set upon by a host of guides before he reaches the ground; but they, though somewhat too violently importunate in proffering their services, are at least useful. He has no sooner escaped from them than he falls into the hands of the relic hunters, a numerous horde who infest the spot, persecuting and bothering him to buy buttons and bullets. The furrows of the plough during each succeeding spring turn up numberless melancholy memorials of the fight—half-consumed rags, bullets corroded and shattered, fragments of accoutrements, bones and sculls; but when the real articles fail, the vendors are at no loss to invent others, so that there is little fear of the supply being exhausted.

NOAH'S DOVE.

"And he stayed yet other seven days, and sent forth the dove, which returned not again unto him any more."—*Genesis*, 8th c. 12th verse.

She came no more,—for fresh and green,
Spread the fair earth in beauty drest,
O'er the retiring waters seen,
By God's own promise blest.
Fair,—as if sin had never been
The curse upon her breast.

Forth sprang the dove on airy flight,
And lightly swept the glassy deep,
And hovered o'er each leafy height,
Where the green shadows sleep!
Where arching woods shut out the light,
And heavy dew-drops weep.

She journeyed long on snowy wing,
Her ark of rest left far away;
No more the olive leaf to bring,
For far and wide beneath her lay
A woody world, where birds might sing
Their welcome to the day.

Away—away—bright was the sky,
One cloudless vault of deepest blue,
Softly each zephyr floated by,
O'er a new world the wanderer flew;
And lovelier scenes beneath her lie
Than ever painter drew.

But silence reign'd o'er mount and plain,
Deep, solemn, and profound,
The busy dwellers ne'er again
Would on that earth be found,
To mar the scene with sin and pain,
And spread contagion round.

Lo! from th' horizon's verge upspring,
The bow of every hue;
And o'er reviving earth was flung
The arch of promise true;
A covenant of mercy,—hung
For ever to our view.

For since that hour, the heavenly bow,
When summer showers are still,
High o'er the freshened world below,
Proclaims the Almighty's will;
That day and night, and cold and heat,
Shall stated rounds fulfil.

Kirton-Lindsey. ANNE R——.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

A RABBIN once told me an ingenious invention, which in the Talmud is attributed to Solomon. The power of the monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendour of his reputation, visited this poetical king in his own court: there, one day, to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the foot of the throne; in each hand she held a wreath; the one was composed of natural, the other of artificial, flowers. Art, in the labour of the mimic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues of nature; so that, at the distance it was held by the queen,

for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide, as her question imported, which wreath was the production of nature, and which the work of art. The sagacious Solomon seemed perplexed; yet to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David, he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions, "from the cedar to the hyssop," to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman with shreds of paper and glazed paintings! The honour of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient presented itself to the king; and one, it must be confessed, worthy of the naturalist. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened; it was opened: the bees rushed into the court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description and a pleasing moral; that the bee only rests on the natural beauties, and never fixes on the painted flowers, however inimitably the colours may be laid on. Applied to the ladies, this would give it pungency. In the *Practical Education* of the Edgeworths, the reader will find a very ingenious conversation founded upon this story.

Wisbech. C——E.

Manners and Customs.

CELTIC ORIGINS.—THE DRUIDS.*

The Rev. E. Davies, says in his *Celtic Researches*, that "Druidism, in its primitive and pure state, may be regarded as an edifice, raised upon the basis of the patriarchal religion, for the purpose of superseding the necessity of recourse to arms in the contentions of independent states." This opinion, however erroneous it may appear, compared with the accounts of Druidism in Roman writers, is still fully borne out, by the fact of its members being exempt from service in war, and also more particularly from their opinions, as far as they have been preserved in the *Triads*; look for example at the following Druidic, or Bardic, specimens; of which remains the *Westminster Review* has said, that they display a great knowledge of human nature:—

"There are three circles of existence: the circle of infinity, where there is nothing but God of living or dead, and none but God can traverse it; the circle of beginning, where all things are by nature derived from death, and this circle has been traversed by man; and the circle of felicity, where all things spring from life, and this man shall traverse in heaven. Animated beings have three states of existence: that of beginning, in the lowest point of existence; that of liberty, in the state of humanity; and that of love, which is felicity, in heaven." Now, there is no intention of comparing the system of theology, indicated in those moral sentences, with Christianity; but it must be admitted that they evince ideas of the Deity, immortality, and the duties of social life, as pure as can possibly be obtained without the indispensable aid of Revelation. Again, it is stated, that the "three ultimate objects of Bardism† are, to reform manners and customs, to secure peace, and to extol everything that is good;" and the "reformation of manners," is declared to be one of the "delights of the Bards of the Isle of Britain." Much more might be quoted in support of the opinion of the purity of primitive Druidism; but enough has been said, when we consider, that the Triads have been transmitted to us by Christians; and that it is not in the nature of Christianity, especially the fervid zeal of its early disciples, to give to the worship of the heathen, a purity and knowledge of the true God which it did not possess. All this is in complete and absolute contradiction to the hearsay statements of classic writers; and in weighing in our minds the probabilities of truth in either opinion, we should recollect that "Wisdom resteth in the heart of him that hath understanding;" that the morality of the theology here recorded, is incompatible with the "cruel superstitions," and "wicker images," of Tacitus and others; and that pure truth can only be propagated by its just followers. It is not to be understood that this was the religious system of the ancient inhabitants of this island: the Druid held up the sun to the people as the visible presence of the Deity; perhaps the public mind was incapable of entertaining the idea of an all-pervading, yet unseen God: for we know that the Jews, the moment danger had passed, and the evidence of that power which had been so wonderfully and beneficently used for them, had gone from their sight, then did they, forgetful of all, bow, and bend the knee to the palpable "stocks and stones" of their enemies. The religion the Druids taught their disciples was arkite.

A remarkable peculiarity of the Druidic system was, that whenever there was occasion in public worship, or in any case where the Deity was called on, he was addressed

* See also page 294 of the present volume.

† It should be observed that, after the introduction of Christianity, and consequent overthrow of Druidism, the word Bardism became substituted in its place.

by names expressive of his various attributes:—as *Celi*, (the secret one); *Dofydd*, (one who forms); *Dwyf*, (the self-existent); *Hu*, *Huon*, (to pervade, the Deity); *Ion*, (a first cause); *Ior*, (the Eternal); *Nef*, (a Creator); *Nef*, (heaven); *Ner*, (self-energy); *Peron*, *Perydd*, *Peryf*, (to cause); and *Rhén*, (the Supreme). This peculiarity also existed amongst the Israelites. After the Roman conquests, but principally in Gaul, some of these attributes became personified in statues, in imitation of the idolatry of the conquerors; and as the practice of Druidical worship was abolished, some of its fragments, such as the imitations of Roman worship, became mingled with the governing religion in glorious confusion. Cæsar, and others, say that the Celts worshipped *Teutates*, which name has been manufactured into *Duw Tuith*, and as they found that *Duw* is God, and *Tuith* a journey, it necessarily followed with the discoverers, that the Celts worshipped Mercury; but all this trouble is labour lost, for take away from the word its Latin termination, and it recovers its proper form—*Duw Iad* (God the Father); this is also the origin of Cæsar's Dis Pater, or Pluto; it is also said that Apollo, or the Sun, was worshipped under the name of *Bel*; Mars, under the name of *Hesus*; and Jupiter, under that of "Jow, which means young." Now, the word *Bel* means tumult, or havoc; and if either of those words can be said to be applicable to the sun, then the statement may be possible; but there is no proof of the word being applied to an object of worship, excepting in Ireland; and there it was clearly of Phœnician or Syrian origin. The utter disagreement of the characters of *Hesus* and Mars, will be shown in another place; the word *Jow* is a mistake for *Ius*, signifying junior. And to fill up the resemblance between the classic and barbarian deities, it is asserted that the Celts worshipped Minerva, Diana, Ceres, Proserpine, Bacchus, and others: this assertion could only have been made by those who were bent on discovering that which did not exist. No, the Duw Iad of the savage inhabitants of the forests of Britain and Gaul, held no companionship with Mercury, the guide of men in their journey, or any other scoundrel deity of Greece or Rome, previous to the conquest of those countries by the Romans; and they, finding the conquest of such nations a difficult matter, created a reason for the difficulty they met in conquering them, in their sacrificing their prisoners taken in war; their disregard of death; and not only that, but rushing

"Undaunted on the pointed steel."

SION GRYG.

FEMALE HEAD-DRESS IN ENGLAND.

In the *Archæologia*, vol. xxvii. part 1, lately published, is a very interesting paper of "Observations on Female Head-dress in England, chiefly subsequent to the date of Mr. Strutt's Remarks in his *Habits of the People of England*: by John Adey Repton, Esq. F. S. A.;" with eight quarto etched plates. From these curious illustrations of the costumes of our ancestors, we propose to select a few specimens, with their accompanying explanatory details.

Mr. Repton commences by observing that "the heads represented in the drawings are taken from old tapestries, brass-plates, early prints, &c. They are only to be considered as slight sketches to give a general idea of the form and character of the dresses; but of those which are copied from well-known portraits, the faces are omitted, as it would have been difficult to procure correct likenesses."

The first illustrated is the "horned head-dress," which prevailed during the 14th and 15th centuries. It was highly reprobated by John de Menn, who condemns its excessive width, and speaks of the quantity of fine linen which used to decorate them with much disapprobation. A holy bishop also preached against the high horns of the ladies of the day, by comparing them to horned snails, to harts, and to unicorns; but, in spite of all the remonstrances from the pulpit, the fashion maintained its ground for nearly two centuries. Indeed, it may be found as late as the reign of Elizabeth, but then covered in the middle by a kind of cloth or drapery.

The high steeple head-dress, (though sometimes used by the English ladies,) is chiefly represented in French MSS., whence we may be inclined to believe this fashion to have been mostly adopted by that nation,

(Head-dress of the 15th century: from the Engravings of Johnes's Monstrelet's Chronicle.)

rather than by the ladies of our own country. It is curious to observe, that lofty head-dresses prevail in Normandy at this present day, but with some small variation from those of the 14th and 15th centuries, as may be seen by a comparison of the subjoined specimens.

(Normandy Head-dress: from a modern French Engraving.)

(Head-dress from a Brass Plate, at Blickling, Norfolk; date, 1487.)

France Painted to the Life, 1656, (written by Dr. Heylen, who visited that country in 1625,) mentions the dames of Paris; "their habit in which they differ from the rest of France is the attire of their heads, which hangeth down their backs in fashion of a veil. In Rouen, and the greater cities, it is made of linen, pure and decent, but here and in the villages, it cannot possibly be anything than an old dishclout turned out of service, or the corner of a table-cloth reserved from washing."

[We shall return to these entertaining illustrations in our next volume.]

The Naturalist.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

The pressure of the atmosphere upon bodies is at the rate of 2,232 pounds weight upon every square foot, or upwards of 15 pounds upon every square inch. The question arises:—What benefit does the creation derive from so enormous a pressure? It is by this pressure that the force of the circulating juices, or the elastic force of the air contained in the blood of animals, or in the sap of plants, is prevented from too much distending their arterial vessels. Winds may be said to be caused from an imperfect equilibrium of the atmosphere, which equilibrium is from the tendency to maintain an equal pressure.

A column of air, whose base is a square inch, and the height that of the whole atmosphere, weighs 15 pounds; and the weight of air is to that of mercury as 1 is to 10,800; whence it follows that if the weight of the atmosphere be sufficient to raise a column of mercury to the height of 30 inches, the height of the aerial column must be 10,800 times as much, and consequently a little more than five miles. But as the air is capable of expansion, it renders this calculation extremely erroneous, and therefore, philosophers have had recourse to another method, in order to determine the height of the atmosphere; namely, by a calculation of the height from which the light of the sun is refracted, so as to become visible to us, before he himself is seen in the heavens. By this method it was determined, that at the height of 45 miles, the atmosphere had no power of refraction; and consequently, beyond that distance, was either a mere vacuum, or the next thing to it, and not to be regarded. In a word, it appears that the absolute height of the atmosphere is not yet determined. The beginning and ending of twilight, indeed, show that the height at which the atmosphere begins to refract the rays of the sun, is about 45 miles. But if meteors be bodies of real fire, how could that fire be continued at so great a height as many of them are seen, without air to support it. That is one of the objections raised against the foregoing calculation of the real height of the atmosphere.—*Miss Vidgen's Discourses.*

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

A CONTEMPORARY writer observes:—Although I would advise the student, when circumstances would permit of it, to examine into the truth of every statement before he accepts it as a truth, yet I would not that he were too incredulous when the means of proof are beyond his reach. Any evil-disposed person can make the falsest statements

of events very unlikely, if not impossible to occur. Though many fabricators have been praised for their interesting statements, so long as they were unknown to be false, yet they have been quickly exposed and censured so soon as the progress of science had revealed their impositions. Such fabrications escape detection for a time, from no other cause, frequently, than that their authors had given them some air of truth. The knowledge that natural history brings us acquainted with very wonderful and endless facts, implants the idea in the majority of people that there is nothing new under the sun, that wonders never cease. It is this idea, and the want of a habit of observation and reflection which induces many to credit statements, which they would otherwise find to be untrue. It is in the unceasing wonders of nature, that many unprincipled travellers have found scope for indulging in fabricating or exaggerating. Such a traveller, for instance, having just completed his journey through some country, whose distance or whose insalubrity deters or prevents others from visiting it, tells us with impunity that he saw such a bird, or fish, &c., and that its habits are so and so. Should he, however, mention the specific name of the animal, and this should happen to be one which had hitherto been believed to inhabit a very opposite climate to that of which he speaks, his credulous hearers, if interested in such matters, receive the statement with pleasure and surprise, without doubting for one moment its truth, especially if the narrator can convince them that he knows the species when he sees it. But the student may fortify himself against being thus imposed on, if he will acquaint himself with the harmony and connexion which exists between the various objects and phenomena of nature, their particular and relative distributions, and their general habits and properties. It is needless for me to instance cases which might occur, wherein the knowledge and acuteness of an individual acquainted with some facts in natural history would enable him at once to perceive a fabrication or an exaggeration, and thus save him from ridicule, if not worse, should he go and repeat it as a fact to those better informed in the works and doings of nature.—*Miss Vidgen's Discourses.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

USE OF GLASS IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

"It is a world to see in these our days, wherein gold and silver most aboundeth, how that our gentilitie, as lothing those mettals (because of the plenty) do now rather choose Venice glass. The poorest also will have glass if they may, but sith the Venecian is somewhat too deer for them, they content themselves with such as are made at home of ferne and burned stone; but in fine all go one way, that is, to shards, at the last; so that our great expenses in glasses (beside that they breed much strife toward such as have the charge of them) are worst of all bestowed in mine opinion, because their peeces do turn unto no profit. If the philosopher's stone were once found, and one part hereof mixed with forty of molten glass, it would induce such a mettallicall toughness thereunto, that a fall should nothing hurt in such manner: yet it might peradventure bunch or batter it; nevertheless that inconvenience were quickelie to be redressed by the hammer. But whither am I slipped?" —*Holinshed, Description of England.*

During the reign of the sapient James, the use of glass vessels became still more extensive; but the art of making them still remained matter of wonderment to Englishmen. In a letter written to his brother from Venice, and dated June, 1631, James Howell saith:—

"The art of glass-making here is very highly valued, for whosoever be of that profession are gentlemen *ipso facto*; and it is not without reason, it being a rare kind of knowledge and chymistry to transmute dust and sand (for they are the only main ingredients) to such a diaphanous pellucid dainty body as you see a crystal glass is, which hath this property above gold, or silver, or any other mineral, to admit no poison;* as also, that it never wastes or loses a whit of its first weight, tho' you use it never so long. When I saw so many sorts of curious glasses made here, I thought upon the compliment which a gentleman put upon a lady in England, who, having five or six comely daughters, said, *He never saw in his life such a dainty cupboard of crystal glasses.* The compliment proceeds, it seems, from a saying they have here, "That the first handsome woman that ever was made, was made of Venice glass;" which implies *beauty*, but *brittleness* withal, (and Venice is not unfurnished with some of that mould, for no place abounds more with lasses and glasses.) * * But when I pry'd into the materials, and observ'd the furnaces and calcinations, the transubstantiations, the liquefactions that are incident to this art, my thoughts were rais'd to a higher speculation; that if this small furnace-fire hath virtue to convert such a small lump of dark dust and sand into such a precious clear body as crystal, surely that grand universal fire which shall happen at the day of judgment, may, by its violent ar-

* A superstitious notion long prevailed that a pure Venetian glass would crack or burst to pieces if poison were put into it. This was a good way of keeping up their price when poisoning was common.

dour, vitrify and turn to one lump of crystal the whole body of the earth; nor am I the first that fell upon this conceit."

In another letter, addressed to "Dr. Fr. Mansell, at All Souls in Oxford," Howell again alludes to the glass trade at Venice, into which it appears one of King James's courtiers had entered as a speculator.

"Your honourable uncle Sir Robert Mansell, who is now in the Mediterranean, hath been very notable to me, and I shall ever acknowledge a good part of my education from him. He hath melted vast sums of money in the glass-business, a business indeed more proper for a merchant than a courtier. I heard the king should say, That he wonder'd Robin Mansel, being a seaman, whereby he hath got so much honour, should fall from *water* to tamper with *fire*, which are two contrary elements. My father fears that this glass employment will be too brittle a foundation for me to build a fortune upon." —*Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ.*

The Queen of the Adriatic, that now purchases glass from Germany, Bohemia, and England, supplied all Europe with the superior kinds of that commodity in the 15th and 16th centuries.—*Book of Table Talk.*

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

[The following is a pleasant piece of literary gossip:]

Swift, as intimated in Archdeacon Coxe's Note (p. 246) received his deanery, which he ever held as a most incompetent reward for his services to the anti-Marlborough and Tory party, in the course of 1713; but he had given his great offence to the duchess nearly three years before, or immediately after his venal quarrel with the Whigs for their not giving him church promotion so rapidly as he wished. In the *Examiner*, of November 23, 1710, he published a paper reflecting most severely on the Duke of Marlborough's insatiable avarice, and enormous peculations. The duke, he said, had had 540,000*l.* of the public money for doing work for which a warrior of ancient Rome (an odd enough parallel!) would have received only 994*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.*! and at the end of his paper there was an inuendo that the duchess, in the execution of her office as mistress of the robes during eight years, had purloined no less than 22,000*l.* a year.

After such an attack it will not excite surprise that the irate and implacable Sarah should call Dean Swift a scurvy scoundrel whose proper promotion would be the gallows.

It may amuse some of our readers to see how Swift made out his curious account. Here is the account itself, as copied from the *Examiner* in a volume in reply to Sarah's, entitled "The other side of the Question," and published in the same year.

A Bill of Roman Gratitude.

Imprim.	£.	s.	d.
For frankincense and earthen pots to burn it in	4	10	0
A Bull for Sacrifice	8	0	0
An Embroidered Garment	50	0	0
A Crown of Laurel	0	0	2
A Statue	100	0	0
A Trophy	80	0	0
1,000 Copper Medals, value one halfpenny each	2	1	8
A Triumphal Arch	500	0	0
A Triumphal Car, valued as a modern coach	100	0	0
Casual Charges at the Triumph	150	0	0
	£994	11	10

A Bill of British Ingratitude.

Imprim.	£.	s.	d.
Woodstock	40,000	0	0
Blenheim	200,000	0	0
Post Office Grant	100,000	0	0
Mildenheim	30,000	0	0
Jewels, &c.	60,000	0	0
Pall Mall Grant, the Wr. Rangership, &c.	10,000	0	0
Employments	100,000	0	0
	£540,000	0	0

The anonymous author of "The other side of the Question," does not name Swift, but says this account was drawn up many years ago in the *Examiner*, for the use of the Marlborough family, "by one of the greatest wits that ever did honour to human nature." —*Book of Table Talk.*

The Public Journals.

PLEASANTRIES.

(*From The World we live in; in Blackwood's Magazine.*)

Talleyrand is the only man alive who has the art of *doing* witty things. On the death of Charles the Tenth, he drove through Paris for a couple of days wearing a white hat. He carried a crape in his pocket. When he passed through the Fauxbourg of the Carlists, the crape was instantly twisted round his hat; when he came into the quarter of the Tuilleries, the crape was instantly slipt off and put into his pocket again.

Sydney Smith, preaching a charity sermon, frequently repeated the assertion, that, of all nations, Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, and he said, that he had evidently made a great mistake, and that his expression should have been, that they were distinguished for the love of their specie.

Dr. Parr lived in a perpetual struggle for celebrity. Whatever any man did, wrote, or talked, in the way of renown, Parr instantly struck off in the same course, and clumsily figured for fame. Junius and Johnson were two thorns in his side. He was for ever distanced by both, yet for ever struggling himself out of breath to make up

the distance. To efface the fame of Junius he tried political writing. He had the bitterness and the pomp, but as he had neither the wit nor the vigour of his original he was flung back into the herd of imitators. Johnson's conversational powers next stung his ambition, but then he could get no farther than the pedantry, and his only reward was the appropriate title, by Porson, of the "Brummagem Doctor." His next desire was professional distinction. A prodigious Whig, and of course a scorner of political trickery, yet he secretly longed to be a bishop; and in consequence of the longing, exhibited such a sudden admiration for Mr. Pitt, that when the Whigs came in at last, they left him where they found him. Still, to the last, the Episcopal dream had not quite vanished from his pillow. He actually compiled a series of rules which he determined to make the law of his bishopric, when he should get it. He put on the Episcopal wig and apron, and indulged himself in the thought that he had thus, at least, made a step in Episcopacy. But it was not to be; —his obscurity was fixed. He smoked life away, amused his old age with the notion that when *he* died, the light of the empire would be snuffed out; and finally departed without the right to have the mitre on the plating of his coffin.

A great many of the best things said by the celebrated Burke were uttered in the course of those debates, when the foolish fashion of the time emptied the benches at his rising. His being an Irishman, his being of the middle order, and his being totally above the calibre of the fashionable triflers who would listen to nothing but an epigram, could understand nothing but a *double entendre*, often left him nearly alone with the few necessary attendants of Ministers on the Treasury bench. On one of these nights he animadverted, in strong terms, on some acts of the Cabinet. George Onslow, who probably thought that he had now some chance of distinction by grappling with Burke, and showing, if not his wisdom, at least his zeal, started up and said, haughtily, that he must call the honourable member to a sense of his duty, and that no man should be suffered in his presence to insult the Sovereign. Burke listened, and when Onslow had disburthened himself of his loyalty, gravely addressed the Speaker. "Sir, the honourable member has exhibited much ardour but little discrimination. He should know that, however I may reverence the King, I am not at all bound, nor at all inclined to extend that reverence to his Ministers. I may honour his Majesty, but, sir, I can see no possible reason for honouring," and he glanced round the Treasury bench, "'his Majesty's man-servant and maid-servant, his ox and his *ass!*'"

Personal identity is a grave subject in the hands of Locke. But it has made some amusement in its time. A fellow some time since exhibited a scull at a fair near London as the scull of Oliver Cromwell. A gentleman observed that it was too small for Cromwell, who had a large head, and died almost an old man. "I know all that," said the exhibitor, undisturbed, "but you see, sir, this was his scull when he was a boy."

A scarcely less curious instance happened at one of our museums. A lady, a *blue* of course, asked the cicerone whether "he had not got a scull of Cromwell?" He answered in the negative. "Very extraordinary," said the lady, "I thought you had every thing, and they have one of his at Oxford."

Theodore Hook's code of card-table signals, in his remarkably pleasant novel of Gilbert Gurney, is clever, and might be very effectually reduced to practice. "Never," says he, "let man and wife play together at whist. There are always family telegraphs, and if they fancy their looks are watched, they can always communicate by words. I found out that I never could win of Smigsmag and his wife. I mentioned this one day, and was answered, 'No, you never can win of them.'—'Why?' said I.—'Because,' said my friend, 'they have established a code.'—'Dear me,' said I, 'signals by looks?'—'No,' said he, 'by words. If Mrs. Smigsmag is to lead, Smigsmag says, Dear, begin; Dear begins with D, so does diamond, and out comes one from the lady. If he has to lead, and she says, S., my love, she wants a spade. Smigsmag and spade begin with the same letter, and sure enough down comes a spade. Harriet, my dear, how long you are sorting your cards—Mrs. Smigsmag stumps down a heart; and a gentle, come, my love, on either side, produces a club.'"

Some of the Americanisms are amusing from their quaintness. A fellow coming from the top of the Alleghanies to New York, in winter, was asked whether it was as cold there as in the city. He had probably been at some march of intellect school, for he glanced at a thermometer. "Horribly cold," said he, "for they have no thermometers there, and, of course, it gets just as cold as it pleases."

The commercial difficulties of America, are so frequent, that the only thing wonderful in them is, how commerce contrives to work its way through them all. A New York paper observes on this, "There is more elasticity in the New York merchants than in any other body with which we are acquainted. Nothing else will stand a *pressure* so long without *breaking*. If Jackson should ruin them for every thing besides, they will do for *coach-springs*."

A man of remarkable epicurism was dining at the Albion, where the banquets are

the most *récherchés* of any in London, perhaps the Clarendon alone excepted. The conversation turned on the difficulty of resisting favourite dishes. To the general surprise, the epicure asserted that there was no difficulty at all in the matter; that to a man of true taste simplicity was every thing, and to a man of sound appetite all dishes were equal. A ham exquisitely stewed, his favourite dish, placed near him. "Now," said one of the party, "before I send you a slice of the very finest ham I have ever tasted what would you say to it if you were a Jew?" He answered bowing low to the dish, "Why I should say, like King Agrippa, almost *thou* persuadest me to be a Christian."

It has been said of the late celebrated Rothschild, that though no man was less lavish of his money, no one was more ready to detect a love for it in others. At a City feast, a gentleman observed, that for his part, though he thought venison good, he loved mutton better. "I knowsh why," said Rothschild to his neighbour, "it is becaush he does not like to pay the prishe—it is becaush mutton's *sherp*, and venshon's *deer*."

Notes of a Reader.

AMERICAN ODDITIES.

From Miss Martineau's Society in America.

THEY have stories of American travellers which exceed all I ever heard of them any where else: such as that an American gentleman, returned from Europe, was asked how he liked Rome: to which he replied that Rome was a fine city; but that he must acknowledge he thought the public buildings were very much out of repair. Again, it is told against a lady that she made some undeniably true remarks on a sermon she heard. A preacher, discoursing on the blindness of men to the future, remarked, "how few men in building a house, consider that a coffin is to go down the stairs!" The lady observed with much emphasis, on coming out, that ministers had got into the strangest way of choosing subjects for the pulpit! It was true that wide stair-cases *are* a great convenience: but she did think Christian ministers might find better subjects to preach upon than narrow stair-cases. And so forth. An eminent Senator told me that he was too often on the one horn or the other of a dilemma: sometimes a gentleman getting up in the Senate, and talking as if he would never sit down: and sometimes a gentleman sitting down in his study, and talking as if he would never get up.

Yet there is an epigrammatic turn in the talk of those who have never heard of "the art of conversation" which is supposed to be studied by the English. A reverend divine,—no other than Dr. Channing,—was one day paying toll, when he perceived a notice of gin, rum, tobacco, &c., on a board which bore a strong resemblance to a grave-stone. "I am glad to see," said the Dr. to the girl who received the toll, "that you have been burying those things."—"And if we had," said the girl, "I don't doubt you would have gone chief mourner."

Some young men, travelling on horseback among the White Mountains, became inordinately thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the road-side. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned."

Of the same kind was the reply made by a gentleman of Virginia to a silly question by a lady.

"Who made the Natural Bridge?"—"God knows, madam."

There cannot be a stronger contrast than between the fun and simplicity of the usual domestic talk of the United States, and the solemn pedantry of which the extremest examples are to be found there; exciting as much ridicule at home as they possibly can elsewhere. I was solemnly assured by a gentleman that I was quite wrong on some point, because I differed from him. Everybody laughed: when he went on, with the utmost gravity, to inform us that there had been a time when he believed, like other people, that he might be mistaken; but that experience had convinced him that he never was; and he had in consequence cast behind him the fear of error. I told him I was afraid the place he lived in must be terribly dull,—having an oracle in it to settle every thing. He replied that the worst of it was, other people were not so convinced of his being always in the right as he was himself. There was no joke here. He is a literal and serious-minded man. Another gentleman solemnly remarked upon the weather of late having been "uncommonly mucilaginous." Another pointed out to me a gentleman on board a steam-boat, as "a blue stocking of the first class." A lady asked me many questions about my emotions at Niagara, to which I gave only one answer of which she could make anything. "Did you not," was her last inquiry, "long to throw yourself down, and mingle with your mother earth?"—"No."—Another asked me whether I did not think the sea might inspire vast and singular ideas.—Another, an instructress of youth, in examining my ear-trumpet, wanted to know whether its length made any difference in its efficiency. On my answering, "None at all,"—"O, certainly

not," said she, very deliberately; "for, sound being a material substance, can only be overcome by a superior force." The mistakes of unconscious ignorance should be passed over with a silent smile: but affectation should be exposed, as a service to a young society.

I rarely, if ever, met with instances of this pedantry among the yeomanry or mechanic classes; or among the young. The most numerous and the worst pedants were middle-aged ladies. One instance struck me as being unlike anything that could happen in England. A literary and very meritorious village mantua-maker declared that it was very hard if her gowns did not fit the ladies of the neighbourhood. She had got the exact proportions of the Venus de Medici, to make them by: and what more could she do? Again. A sempstress was anxious that her employer should request me to write something about Mount Auburn, (the beautiful cemetery near Boston.) Upon her being questioned as to what kind of composition she had in her fancy, she said she would have Mount Auburn considered under three points of view:—as it was on the day of creation,—as it is now,—as it will be on the day of resurrection. I liked the idea so well that I got her to write it for me, instead of my doing it for her.

As for the peculiarities of language, of which so much has been made,—I am a bad judge: but the fact is, I should have passed through the country almost without observing any, if my attention had not been previously directed to them. Next to the well-known use of the word "sick," instead of "ill," (in which they are undoubtedly right,) none struck me so much as the few following. They used the word "handsome" much more extensively than we do: saying, that Webster made a handsome speech in the Senate: that a lady talks handsomely, (eloquently:) that a book sells handsomely. A gentleman asked me on the Catskill Mountain, whether I thought the sun handsomer there than at New York. When they speak of a fine woman, they refer to mental or moral, not at all to physical superiority. The effect was strange, after being told, here and there, that I was about to see a very fine woman, to meet in such cases almost the only plain women I saw in the country. Another curious circumstance is, that this is almost the only connexion in which the word woman is used. This noble word, spirit-stirring as it passes over English ears, is in America banished, and "ladies" and "females" substituted: the one, to English taste, mawkish and vulgar; the other, indistinctive and gross. So much for difference of taste. The effect is odd. After leaving the men's wards of the prison at Nashville, Tennessee, I asked the warden whether he would not let me see the women. "We have no ladies here at present, madam. We have never had but two ladies, who were convicted for stealing a steak; but, as it appeared that they were deserted by their husbands, and in want, they were pardoned." A lecturer, discoursing on the characteristics of women, is said to have expressed himself thus: "Who were last at the cross? Ladies. Who were first at the sepulchre? Ladies."

A few other ludicrous expressions took me by surprise occasionally. A gentleman in the west, who had been discussing monarchy and republicanism in a somewhat original way, asked me if I would "swap" my king for his. We were often told that it was "a dreadful fine day;" and a girl at a hotel pronounced my trumpet to be "terrible handy."* In the back of Virginia these superlative expressions are the most rife. A man who was extremely ill, in agonizing pain, sent for a friend to come to him. Before the friend arrived, the pain was relieved, but the patient felt much reduced by it. "How do you find yourself?" inquired the friend. "I'm powerful weak; but cruel easy."

The Kentucky bragging is well known. It is so ingenious as to be very amusing sometimes: but too absurd in the mouth of a dull person. One such was not satisfied with pointing out to me how fine the woods were, but informed me that the intimate texture of the individual leaves was finer and richer in Kentucky than anywhere else. I much prefer the off-hand air with which a dashing Kentuckian intimates to you the richness of the soil; saying, "if you plant a nail at night, 'twill come up a spike next morning."

A VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

[In Miss Pardoe's *City of the Sultan*, just published, we find the following startling episode, descriptive of the first impressions of this celebrated "wonder of the world."]

As the evening closed in, I remarked that —— Bey, the eldest son of the house, was carrying on a very energetic *sotto voce* conversation with his venerable father; and I was not a little astonished when he ultimately informed me, in his imperfect French that there was one method of visiting the mosques, if I had nerve to attempt it, which would probably prove successful; and that, in the event of my resolving to run the risk, he was himself so convinced of its practicability, that he would accompany me, with the consent of the father, attended

* This reminds me of a singular instance of confusion of ideas. The landlady of a hotel declared my trumpet to be the best invention she had ever seen better than spectacles. Query, better for what?

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by the old Kiäya, or House-steward; upon the understanding (and on this the grey-headed Effendi had resolutely insisted) that in the event of detection it was to be *sauve qui peut*; an arrangement that would enable his son at once to elude pursuit, if he exercised the least ingenuity or caution.

What European traveller, possessed of the least spirit of adventure, would refuse to encounter danger in order to stand beneath the dome of St. Sophia? And, above all, what wandering Giaour could resist the temptation of entering a mosque during High Prayer?

These were the questions that I asked myself as the young Bey vowed himself so gallantly to the venture (to him, in any case, not without its dangers) in order to avert from me the disappointment which I dreaded.

I at once understood that the attempt must be made in a Turkish dress; but this fact was of trifling importance, as no costume in the world lends itself more readily or more conveniently to the purposes of disguise. After having deliberately weighed the chances for and against detection, I resolved to run the risk; and accordingly I stained my eyebrows with some of the dye common in the harem; concealed my female attire beneath a magnificent pelisse, lined with sables, which fastened from my chin to my feet; pulled a *fez* low upon my brow; and, preceded by a servant with a lantern, attended by the Bey, and followed by the Kiäya and a pipe-bearer, at half-past ten o'clock I sallied forth on my adventurous errand.

We had not mentioned to either the wife or the mother of the Bey whither we were bound, being fearful of alarming them unnecessarily; and they consequently remained perfectly satisfied with the assurance of the old gentleman, that I was anxious to see the Bosphorus by moonlight, though a darker night never spread its mantle over the earth.

I am extremely doubtful whether, on a less exciting occasion, I could have kept time with the rapid pace of my companion over the vile pavement of Constantinople; as it was, however, I dared not give way, lest any one among the individuals who followed us, and who were perhaps bound on the same errand, should penetrate my disguise.

"If we escape from St. Sophia unsuspected," said my chivalrous friend, "we will then make another bold attempt; we will visit the mosque of Sultan Achmet; and as this is a high festival, if you risk the adventure, you will have done what no Infidel has ever yet dared to do; but I forewarn you that, should you be discovered, and fail to make your escape on the instant, you will be torn to pieces."

This assertion somewhat staggered me, and for an instant my woman-spirit quailed; I contented myself, however, with briefly replying: "When we leave St. Sophia, we will talk of this," and continued to walk beside him in silence. At length we entered the spacious court of the mosque, and as the servants stooped to withdraw my shoes, the Bey murmured in my ear: "Be firm, or you are lost!"—and making a strong effort to subdue the feeling of mingled awe and fear which was rapidly stealing over me, I pulled the *fez* deeper upon my eyebrows, and obeyed.

On passing the threshold, I found myself in a covered peristyle, whose gigantic columns of granite are partially sunk in the wall of which they form a part; the floor was covered with fine matting, and the coloured lamps, which were suspended in festoons, from the lofty ceiling, shed a broad light on all the surrounding objects. In most of the recesses formed by the pillars beggars were crouched down, holding in front of them their little metal basins, to receive the *paras* of the charitable; while servants lounged to and fro, or squatted in groups upon the matting awaiting the egress of their employers.

As I looked around me our own attendant moved forward, and raising the curtain which veiled a double door of bronze, situated at midlength of the peristyle, I involuntarily shrank back before the blaze of light that burst upon me.

Far as the eye could reach upwards, circles of coloured fire, appearing as if suspended in mid-air, designed the form of the stupendous dome; while beneath, devices of every shape and colour were formed by myriads of lamps of various hues; the Imperial closet, situated opposite to the pulpit was one blaze of refulgence, and its gilded lattices flashed back the brilliancy, till it looked like a gigantic meteor!

As I stood a few paces within the doorway, I could not distinguish the limits of the edifice—I looked forward, upward,—to the right hand, and to the left—but I could only take in a given space, covered with human beings, kneeling in regular lines, and at a certain signal bowing their turbaned heads to the earth, as if one soul and one impulse animated the whole congregation; while the shrill chanting of the choir pealed through the vast pile, and died away in lengthened cadences among the tall, dark pillars which support it.

And this was St. Sophia! To me it seemed like a creation of enchantment—the light—the ringing voices—the mysterious extent, which baffled the earnestness of my gaze—the ten thousand turbaned Moslems, all kneeling with their faces turned towards Mecca, and at intervals laying their foreheads to the earth—the bright and various